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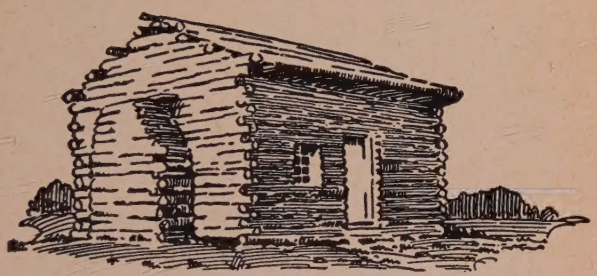
FEBRUARY, 1944

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



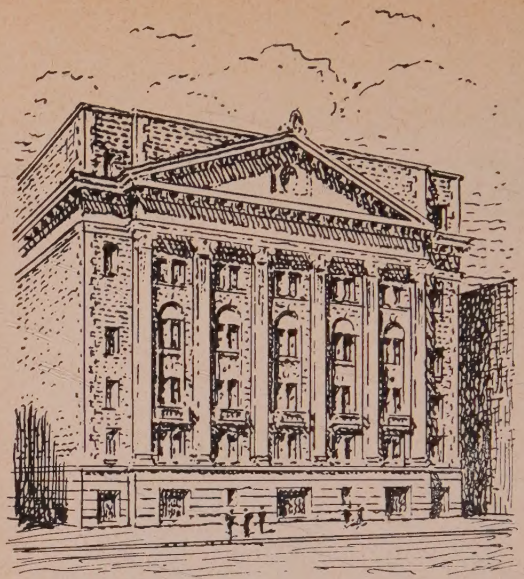
THE WORLD'S VERDICT

One sent out his ships to earth's farthest shores,
And brought to his coffers the Orient's stores;
The wild desert sands
Became gold in his hands;
And the world called him Genius—and wondered.

One sought out the secrets of planet and star;
He reveled in problems in granite and spar;
He hungered to know
All the earth could bestow;
And the world called him Scholar—and praised him.

One looked on a suffering, down-trodden race;
He wept as he gazed upon each troubled face;
He heeded their plea,
And he set their hands free;
And the world called him Brother—and loved him.

by Thomas Curtis Clark.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XX **February, 1944** *Number 11*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Catching a glimpse of the place that destiny had carved out for him, one of the most tragic and yet most sublime figures in all history is the glimpse of Lincoln as he stands on the back platform of the train that pulled out of Springfield for Washington, when he was on his way to the inauguration. Looking into the faces of his friends and neighbors who had gathered at the station to bid him farewell, Lincoln said:

> "Let me live to prove that we can cultivate the natural world that is about us and the intellectual and moral world that is within us, so that we may secure an individual, social and political prosperity whose course shall be forward and which while the earth endures shall not pass away."

With these words he turned and entered his coach—and the rest is history. When those about him later in Washington tried to influence Lincoln to par issues, to condescend and compromise, Lincoln stood like Gibraltar.

Abraham Lincoln knew eternal values. Out of the schoolhouse and depth of his own tragedies and his own sorrow came that great strength and that great poise. He could be quiet because he had known what storms meant. He could be loving because he had known what it meant to be loveless. He could be friendly because he knew what it meant to be friendless.

He sleeps—and yet is more alive than any of us. As the years pass and time goes on, other names will be forgotten, other personalities who grace the stage of action will have passed away. Other names shall not even be a memory. They shall have been washed out of the years. But one name, one name will be here. And when a new day has dawned for civilization, there shall still be living, throbbing, breathing, vibrating, the noble heart of Abraham Lincoln. And as Lincoln looks down upon the earth he will be able to say:

"Ah! Right does make might, after all!"

PRESTON BRADLEY.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road

* * *

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE—7:30 o'clock—Not Broadcast

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—9:30 o'clock—Channing Hall

JUNIOR CHURCH—11:00 o'clock—Channing Hall

* * *

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—8:00 o'clock sharp—All seats free

BOOKS FOR FEBRUARY

Feb. 2.—"PERSONS AND PLACES" . . . . . by George Santayana

Feb. 9—"LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN BARRYMORE" . . . . . by Gene Fowler

Feb. 16—"BURMA SURGEON" . by Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave

Feb. 23—"TO ALL HANDS" . . . . . by John Mason Brown

* * *

HEAR DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTS

WGN—6:00 P.M.—Monday Through Friday

(Each Wednesday a Book Review)
(Each Friday a Question Box)

WJJD—11:00 to 12:30—Every Sunday Morning

"WAR IS NOT AN EXCUSE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY, PASTOR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

NOVEMBER 7, 1943

A VERY well established fact which is based upon observation and experience and which I think we all share, is the fact that we are all of us in this particular time working under very high tension. I do not suppose there has ever been a moment in the history of our people as a nation, not even in any of the previous crises through which we have passed as a people, when we were under deeper tension than we are today. I cannot recall from any familiarity which I might have with previous historical moments in the life of this nation, even in the most severe, and critical moments with which you are all familiar, when there was any greater pressure and any greater test constantly being placed upon us all than the test of the present hour. That, inevitably has its reactions. There is no one who can avoid it, no one who can escape it. It does not matter whether you are rich or whether you are poor, whether you are illiterate or whether you are learned, whether you are black or whether you are white, we are all of us laboring, trying to do our work, trying to live our lives, trying to make the best contribution that we can under moments of intense strain and of intense stress.

Now, that being true, how can each of us so order our lives and so regulate our lives that we can utilize the potential energy which every human being possesses to the advantage of equilibrium in our own lives and to the stabilization of the life about us.

It is always difficult to think clearly and dispassionately under any environment, for honest thinking and actual thinking is one of the most difficult things which anyone ever attempts to do, but it is unusually difficult in the midst of the activity of necessary and inevitable war programs because war is always unnatural and creates an environment in which the principle of emergency is introduced. Now, wherever you get the element of emergency at work then you get increased tension. You see that in the little daily experiences of our lives. Now, seated here quietly, in the Church this morning, most of you evidence to me that you are relaxed. Of course, that does not enable me, or any observer, to make a proper evaluation of your strength or of your character because it is not what you are doing now that determines either your strength or your character. If it were, it would be wonderful. Nobody is committing any great sin while sitting here that I can see. I think probably your hands are not in anybody's pocket; from what I can see at the moment, you are very respectable, and if one should stand here and just look at this congregation this morning they would say: "Now, is not the congregation of The Peoples Church a respectable, fine lot of people?" I would judge that by just looking at you from this pulpit. Really, you are the finest looking lot of people I have ever seen; you look noble, honest, kind, and so considerate, and you just look as though you were some of the finest persons in the world.

Well, now, that is not an honest observation, is it? It does not mean a thing, does it? That is not the test of you as an individual; it is not the test of me. Here I stand this morning in

my pulpit talking to you out of my heart dominated with the desire that someone will say: "What an hour for me!" and that is not my test. If you were to look at me now I think, at any rate I hope, that most of you would say: "Why, Doctor Bradley is a fine man, is he not? Look at him, he does not look as though he were missing any meals, he does not look ill, and he is a fine man." I cannot judge you by looking at you in this Church, and you cannot judge me by sitting here and looking at and hearing me; that is not a judgment for either one of us. We are out here together in the most unusual hour in all the history of the world, an hour in which the only insidious, hidden, gnawing, irritating thing is finally that little cloud that floats across the blue of our dreams, and that little particle of dust that gets in the way of our beam of light, and do you know what it is? Disillusionment! Disillusionment! And from every quarter we hear people say: "We had a chance once in 1918 and in 1920, and in 1926, and these great powers of the world and these democratic nations in that hour failed their chance, and the bones of eleven million dead men bleached out on the sands of the Mediterranean and their blood blooms in the poppy-fields of Flanders, and we failed and when the world had its opportunity, it failed." And so, right in the midst of war effort unprecedented in our history, when we have transferred potentiality into actual operation in both man and machine that surprises ourselves and has brought chaos and havoc to our enemies, in the midst of all the dreams, hopes, plans, charters and conferences and everything that is a part of this contemporary movement of modern life . . . way down in our subconsciousness it dawns sometimes in the night, sometimes as we look at the picture of agony and blood, sometimes an American boy, who loved his dog and who loved living, growing, beautiful things from the farm and prairie, or was a comrade of the little denizens of the forest, is trained how to gouge out the eyes of a human being . . . sometimes it dawns upon us when some individual who gave such promise, who was prophetic with genius and who might have taken his place high in the annals of statesmanship, or art, or music, or manufacturing, or law, or medicine, and made life a beautiful thing, and he died at twenty—sometimes it comes to us after we have toiled and worked and sacrificed, when the shadows lengthen and the sight grows dim and the grind ceases and the pitcher is broken at the fountain and we say: "Now, I can rest. I have put a little by for these days," and some unforeseen, flashing stroke of disaster tears it out of life and we are alone, and we are cold, and we are homeless, and disillusionment comes, and then we cry: "Where is God, who is He that this should happen to me?" It is the disillusionment in the minds of people that, like a creeping, devouring thing, whispers to us: "Your blood is being wasted, your youth are just tokens, they are pawns, pawns upon a national and international chessboard for diplomats and politicians to move about in the game of selfishness and greed and power!" Disillusionment comes, and then with disillusionment there comes a sense of frustration, and the psychiatrist, who is here or listening, will tell you that the first door that opens up to personal collapse and a sense of defeat and failure is the sense of frustration. We are frustrated, then we are imprisoned, then we are chained and cannot do anything about it, and then we are victims of some cosmic jester who dangles in his hands the puppet strings in the play and we are just puppets acting in the drama, while

the strings are dangled by a great cosmic jester who laughs and weeps, and laughs and cries: "My puppets, you shall play the part which I have designed for you; the strings of your life are in my fingers, puppets of earth!" and we feel that sense of frustration and that philosophy of puppetry and that sense that it is inadequate and all will come to naught, and that wars have always been and will always be, and that this is only the prelude to another! The justification for that frustration, my beloved people, and all who listen to my words at this hour, is to be found in the fact that coming out of the inner life of Germany today has already been discovered the diabolical plans for World War number 3, and the geo-politics that have prevailed over the manipulations of that nation for more than 75 years now know they are defeated, and every Nazi in all this world knows today that he is defeated. Hitler knows it, they all know it, defeated by the force of arms. They know that, but they are banking, they are building, they are dreaming, they are planning, they have never stopped dreaming, they have never stopped planning, depending upon the inability of a democratic society to treat victory in terms of permanent possession, and they are saying in their classrooms: "Those democracies, when they get their military victory, will fall into the caldron of quarreling among themselves. They will dissipate their victory until it rots, and though they may win the earth with their guns and ships and food, they will rot, for they cannot take victory, they are too selfish and greedy and avaricious, and they will be taught how to hate again, and from the housetops there will go the shouting voices, 'HATE! Ha! Ha! Hate the British! Hate the French! Hate the Catholic! Hate the Jew!' We will keep on hating you democracies and the hate will rot you, and then, DER TAG! will come again!"

Ladies and gentlemen, it is your task and mine, we have none other, everything focuses upon that, it is your task and mine, these brains, these hearts, these hands—one in the realm of ideals, one in the realm of speech, one with their hands holding the rivet, one grasping the acetylene torch, one in the mart, one in the field, one at the plow the other at the desk, one in the pulpit, one at the forum—all of us together have not any other task now but to say to the world that what I have just outlined is a lie and it will never come true; that we can build a world, that we are not going to listen to the demagogues, and the politicians, and the propagandists who would tear us limb from limb and who are playing into the very philosophy and policy of the "Beast of Berlin" and would make us dissipate or lose our energies. We have another vision, that is why it is so important to retain individual self-mastery. It does not behoove anyone to talk about the mastery of the world until they have mastered themselves. It is not much good to set a line of action for other nations and races unless we have mastered ourselves! It is not enough to attack and criticize others until we ourselves justify our criticism and our attack because of the impeccable manner in which we are in control of our own lives.

And when I look out in our modern society today, the only thing that worries me is not our ability to win the war . . . war is the easiest thing that man does. Fighting wars does not require anything comparable to what is required to guide our energies in some other channels. We have waving flags, playing bands, and we have the horror of little children's brains beaten out; we have everything to inspire us into a passion of war; we have assault, rape,

agony, blood and anguish; we have everything; it does not take very much to fan the flames of war. We will all give and do and work and strive just as hard as we can under the impact of war! It needs it, every bit of it, and the only thing that worries me is not the fact of the victory, for we shall have it, that does not worry me. I am worried about the victims along the way. I am worried about the dissipation of intellect and spiritual energy of the people who are now prosecuting the war and how they are dissipating these energies and what this diabolical thing called "war" is doing to each of our personalities so that under a press of undue or unreasonable demands in the shop, store, on the street, in an elevator, on the street car, on the bus, in the restaurant, the people who wait upon you, the people of whom you ask things, the people you meet on the highways, you people who drive automobiles, at your own dinner tables, the greetings of the morning. . . . I am worried about what this psychological background of this highly concentrated force of destruction and tension will do. Few people are emotionally stabilized, and we are becoming more and more emotionally unstable. I am worried about the ability of people to adjust themselves to normal circumstances that ordinarily would not bring any concentrated challenge at all. I am worried about this articulation of our inner selves so that our incivility, our incapacity to be ladies and gentlemen, our inability to function in normal tasks of life under this pressure demonstrates that we have no control over ourselves. The unkindness, the glances, the lies, the warmongering, the war rumors, the whisperings, all evidences of emotional instability. You never meet a person in your life whose primary interest is all outside of himself and who is reacting against the pressure of his circumstances who does not possess emotional instability, until the wages of certain employees in employees' groups are becoming inconsonant, so that institutions dealing with this type of employees find it necessary to take these groups through a course in the psychology of this situation. Many of them are doing it, and one of the great institutions in the distribution of food in all this nation has invited and made it possible for their hundreds of employees to be tuned in to this broadcast this morning. The President of that great institution called this Church during the past week and said: "Doctor Bradley is speaking on 'War is not an Excuse' and we are going to arrange it so that every employee of our institution can hear his words on Sunday morning. We have instructed every person in our employ that when they are approached in our place of business they never shall use the phrase 'Don't you know there is a war on?' They are asked never to mention it, and never use it as a justification for incivility."

This is all a psychological problem, ladies and gentlemen, and it goes deep down into the subsoil of our psychic consciousness, for the individual is harassed, worn, and tired with taxes; the labor market is gasping for help; labor knows how completely at its mercy is the employer, and takes all types of advantage because down underneath it feels a sense of security in the job, and because there is this sense of security labor feels it will not be fired or disciplined because of incivility. It is a deeper problem than that, ladies and gentlemen, far deeper and far more significant than appears on the surface. And so, these institutions are now asking people who know and understand the psychological effect of pressure upon an individual to outline a way in which they can integrate

themselves and take complete possession of themselves so that this inner instinct of gentility and of fairness, fairness on every one's part, shall not be eliminated.

If I can make every individual this morning understand this fundamental truth, a truth which I know and have demonstrated, that in the presence of every trying situation or condition, in the presence of every irritation, psychologically enhanced by our present environment, by our worry, our anxiety, our confusion, our chaos, if I could take every person who is reacting psychically from this kind of an environment and let them see the very key that unlocks calmness and poise and strength, they would become masters of every situation. They would stand in the presence of every event completely in control of that event, no matter whether they were behind the counter or in front of it, for this is one hour in the history of our nation on this impressive day of memory of the dead who died for a dream when those of us who live should seek mental, spiritual, physical harmony so that we could encompass every irritation and with the spiritual emanations of our own achievement cause the problems and the difficulties to melt away.

I have seen people like that, people who go into a tragic situation and in the fraction of a moment the whole atmosphere is changed. I have met people who, under the most trying circumstances, have held their poise. Attack, criticism, unfairness, unreasonable demands, everything, right in the midst of it there they stood, not vociferous, not ejaculating, not shouting, not hysterical, but quietly, reverentially, they became masters. Why? Because they were first masters of themselves. To become the master of yourself is to handle triumphantly and victoriously every other circumstance of life.

Taken From Dr. Bradley's New Book "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

The spirit of freedom is not dead. It is alive in human hearts; and one can be no better Amerian than by helping every human heart of every race and creed and color on the face of this God's earth to be free again.

Eternal God of nations and of men, spread Thy protecting mantle over the shoulders of the brave youth of our land—those men who today are on every continent of the globe and on every ocean and sea of this earth, away from everything that is sacred to them—cover them with the protection of Thy love.

And, O God, we beseech Thee that Thou wilt manifest Thy mercy toward all prisoners and captives and all who suffer from oppression, and make the heart of man merciful as Thine own.

And may every family—fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, sweethearts and friends,—may all of us rise above home, our selfishness, our sense of security, and exhaust ourselves in meeting our battle as bravely and heroically as the men and women on foreign shores and seas are meeting theirs.

Help America and all Americans everywhere to have a new birth of freedom.

Excerpt From Dr. Bradley's Broadcast of January 21st, Over W G N

"BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND PRAYER"

"TONIGHT we open the Question Box again as is our custom on the Friday evening broadcast; but first I want to express my appreciation to the Benjamin Franklin's of America who wrote and expressed their gratitude for my devoting the broadcast to Benjamin Franklin on his birthday. Our broadcast is honored that they have decided to send a copy of the broadcast to every member of the Benjamin Franklin Society. This is very much appreciated indeed. And, speaking of Benjamin Franklin, one of the questions which came this week from a listener in Milwaukee asks if I could tell the writer what was the origin of the custom of opening the legislature and the Congress by prayer.

As you know, the Senate and the House of Representatives have Chaplains and every session is opened with the invocation of a blessing. This is also the custom in the State Legislatures. The writer of the letter prefaces the question by expressing a reason for the renewal of interest in religious attitudes.

In replying to the question, I have located this, which I think is very interesting:

For weeks the men in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 had been trying to set up the framework of a new nation. And they were at the point of abandoning the task as hopeless because of their internal dissensions. The venerable Benjamin Franklin rose up one day and addressed George Washington, who was in the chair, in these words:

'Sir, in this situation of the Assembly, groping as it were in the dark to find political truth and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Lights, to illuminate our understanding? In the beginning of the contest with Great Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayer in this room for the Divine protection. Our prayers, sir, were heard, and they were graciously answered. All of us who were engaged in the struggle must have observed several instances of a superintending Providence in our favor. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity, and have we now forgotten that powerful friend, or do we imagine that we no longer need His assistance? I have lived, sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth: —that God governs in the affairs of men; and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, sir, in the sacred writings that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." I firmly believe this, and I also believe that without his concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel. We shall be divided by our own little partial, local interests; our projects will be confounded, and we, ourselves, shall become a re-

proach and a byword down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing governments by human wisdom and leave it to chance, war and conquest.'

Benjamin Franklin followed this remarkable statement with the introduction of a resolution that each session of the Constitutional Convention thereafter be opened with prayer for Divine guidance, and then and there was established the precedent, never since departed from, of opening all legislative assemblies in America with prayer.

These true words which I have just quoted from Benjamin Franklin are as applicable today as they ever were. Unless we are careful, mankind may hereafter despair of establishing governments by human wisdom and leave it to chance, war and conquest. More than ever does the stature of Benjamin Franklin increase in significance and in power."

AN ANALYSIS

Recently a radio listener in Vernon, Michigan, writing of her appreciation of the Wednesday night Book Review Broadcasts over WGN, and of her great regret at not being able to be present at the Wednesday night Book Lectures in the Peoples Church Auditorium, asked me how I compared the books "The Robe," by Lloyd C. Douglas and "The Apostle," by Sholem Asch. She said she had not read "The Nazarene."

Having read both books, and knowing both authors, my opinion is that the only point the books have in common is that they derive their theme from a common source, the ancient scriptures.

There is a wide chasm between the literary and scholarly equipment of Lloyd Douglas and Sholem Asch. Dr. Douglas is by far a more popular writer, the more easily read and the less involved. Sholem Asch is a great scholar, a great artist, and one of the greatest of living writers. Both of his books, "The Nazarene," and "The Apostle," are contributions of historical significance and value, and possess many qualities of permanency which I do not find in Dr. Douglas's books, although Dr. Douglas is an inspiring influence and has helped many people by his many books.

Both men live and write in high altitudes and both have made valuable contributions to the solution of many spiritual problems of their readers. They are both stars but exist in different magnitudes. P. B.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

THE war has torn asunder many family ties. Those left behind by men who are out to fight for freedom and justice have, quite understandably, it seems to me, moments of despair, when all the world seems bare and lacking in cheer. Their life has been disrupted by the departure of loved ones, and they don't know where to begin picking up the loose ends.

To those in such straits, I should like to point out that all of us are in much the same position. Almost every family in America is awaiting the return of their men from the fighting forces and, in the meantime, they must do the best they can to sustain their own morale.

It is my belief that in this situation our best tonic is unremitting activity. A person who keeps everlastingly at it has no time to sit about and worry. There are many ways in which we civilians can be of great help to the war effort and, at the same time, keep up our spirits in these trying days. Many of us can help in the sale of war bonds, or in aiding in various war charitable organizations.

An incredible amount of time is wasted every day by some of us who, somehow or other, never seem to get the best out of our efforts. There are many tangible ways in which we can be of great service to our boys on the fighting fronts and I should like now to point out some of the more obvious.

As I said a moment ago, there is the sale of war bonds. Any number of women's clubs and various fraternal organizations are doing a magnificent service by their intensive efforts to aid in the sale of war bonds. Women who formerly spent most of their free time about their bridge tables now are competing again, but this time competing for something a great deal more valuable than just another bridge prize. The other day I met a housewife who, in a very matter-of-fact manner mentioned that she had sold thousands of dollars worth of war bonds during the week. She has two sons in the army and feels that nothing she can do will be quite enough. And she is doing her job without fuss or bother. There are the women who turn out their assignments of knitting or sewing for the Red Cross and do it at an amazing speed. Then there are the

blood donors. The Red Cross is doing a remarkable job in this direction, and I know of no campaign among us civilians which is more worthy of our utmost cooperation. "Here," we can say to ourselves, "here is a direct contribution to the war effort. Somewhere, some day, this blood of mine may help keep an American soldier alive—may help achieve victory for our country."

There are the letters from home to the boys abroad—friendly little letters, informative and sparkling, with words of good cheer. Then, perhaps we can see to it that he gets his home town paper and, perhaps a few magazines and books. A constant campaign to raise books for the armed services, it seems to me, is worthy of wholehearted cooperation from all of us. And none of us should throw away those old magazines. Surely there is an agency near our homes which will see to it that the magazines reach the right hands. All these things, when taken singly, may seem unimportant, insignificant. They are really vitally important—all of them. Morale is a mental attitude, hard to define. It is a word the military does not like and seldom uses, but it is our duty to see to it that our men in service are given every necessity, both spiritual and physical, so that under no circumstances will their high purpose falter before victory comes. We can well emulate the Boy Scouts' practice of a good deed a day, and make up our minds now, not tomorrow or next day, but right now, that we will do something every 24 hours to push this country closer and closer to victory.

There can be no half-victory or half-defeat. When victory comes it must be complete and unmistakable, and there can be no such glorious finish to the present conflict unless we all do our bit. Doing one's bit doesn't mean to stop at contributing a book—or writing a letter—or helping in the neighborhood waste paper drive. It means unremitting effort on the home front and on the production front. Doing one's bit means to work as one has never worked before. This nation's effort to win the war is comparable, roughly, to an individual who has set his eye on an ideal and, come what may, refuses to let up in his efforts.

This nation has its eye on an ideal, the ideal of freedom for mankind, and it most assuredly does not intend to let up on its efforts until final victory is won. Let us all see to it that this final victory is not too far delayed. We can all help—every one of us. Yes, we can all help—we *will* help—we *must* help. Only then will victory be assured.

BOOK CHATS

DURING the present season of Book Lectures I have not been confining myself to books of recent publication only, but in addition to the modern books and because of numerous requests not only from my regular Wednesday night book lecture audience in the church, but also from many of the listeners to my regular Wednesday night Book Review Broadcast over WGN at 6:00 o'clock, I am including in the book review

broadcasts especially, many books which though not modern are of enduring interest.

One of the most remarkable little books I have ever owned was written by a young man born in far-off Persia, now Iran, by the name of Kahlil Gibran. The book is entitled "The Prophet." Kahlil Gibran is a poet and like all true poets, a strange mixture of mysticism and rationalism. He died just a few years ago, a comparatively young man, but has left an enduring imprint upon literature and all who love beautiful things.

"The Prophet" is a series of conversations, spoken by one who had waited twelve years in the City of Orphalese for his ship that was to return and bear him back to the isle of his birth. "In the twelfth year, the month of reaping, he climbed the hill without the city walls and looked seaward; and he beheld his ship coming with the mist. Then the gates of his heart were flung open, and his joy flew far over the sea. But as he descended the hill, a sadness came upon him, and he thought in his heart: How shall I go in peace and without sorrow? Long were the days of pain I have spent within its walls and long were the nights of aloneness; and who can part from his pain and his aloneness without regret? Yet I cannot tarry longer. The sea, that calls all things unto her, calls me, and I must embark." As he leaves he turns to the people of Orphalese and says: "Of what can I speak save of that which is even now moving within your souls?"

One by one they ask him to speak: Almitra, who asks him to speak of love, and he says: "When love beckons to you, follow him, though his ways are hard and steep. And when his wings enfold you yield to him, though the sword hidden among his pinions may wound you. . . . When you love you should not say 'God is in my heart,' but rather, 'I am in the heart of God.' And think not you can direct the course of love, for love, if it finds you worthy, directs your course."

As this remarkable little book goes on he speaks of children, work, joy and sorrow, houses, clothes, buying and selling, crime and punishment, laws, freedom, friendship, beauty, religion, death. One of the most beautiful of all his utterances is that in which the rich man said to him, "Speak to us of giving," and he answered: "You give but little when you give of your possessions. It is when you give of yourself that you truly give. For what are your possessions but things you keep and guard for fear you may need them tomorrow? And tomorrow, what shall tomorrow bring to the over-prudent dog burying bones in the trackless sand as he follows the pilgrims to the holy city? And what is fear of need but need itself? . . . . There are those who have little and give it all. These are the believers in life and the bounty of life, and their coffer is never empty. There are those who give with joy, and that joy is their reward. And there are those who give with pain, and that pain is their baptism. And there are those who give and know not pain in giving, nor do they seek joy, nor give with mindfulness of virtue; they give as in yonder valley the myrtle breathes its fragrance into space. Through the hands of such as these God speaks, and from behind their eyes He smiles upon the earth. You often say, 'I would give, but only to the deserving.' The trees in your orchard say not so, nor the flocks in your pastures. They give that they may live, for to withhold is to perish. . . . For in truth it is life that gives unto life—while you, who deem yourself a giver, are but a witness. For to be overmindful of your debt, is to doubt his generosity

who has the free-hearted earth for mother, and God for father."

It is a beautiful book, "The Prophet," and one which, when read, understood and lived, means an enrichment of life, and a deeper appreciation of life's beauty.

* * *

Several letters have come to me recently asking why I did not put modesty aside and review my own books, as well as the books of other writers. Well, it is true that I have written seven books. The first book I called "Courage for Today." It was published in the midst of the depression and was so widely read that it finally became one of the Blue Ribbon Books, as did also my second book, which I called "Mastering Fear." Both of these books were on the best seller lists and, inasmuch as they are not dated, are as applicable to present-day conditions as they were when they were first published. My third book was entitled "Power from Right Thinking;" the fourth, "Life and You." The first three books were published by Bobbs-Merrill, and the next book by Harper's. Then a book called "New Wealth for You," published by Stokes, in which I attempted to crystallize my whole philosophy of life. Last year I published two books, a book of Meditations, and the last book, "My Daily Strength." Since the beginning of the war there have been many little pocket-size books of readings, devotions, inspirational writings and poems, that have been published with a view of sending them to the men and women in service. Some of them are very good. All of them mean well. My last little book grew out of a desire to send the more than 200 men and women from my own institution who are now serving in the nation's forces the very gist of some of my own addresses and talks. There is hardly a day that I am not standing beside someone's beloved dead, or looking into the faces of two people who are being joined in marriage, or I am in a sick room or in a hospital or home, trying to help people, and I have put all of this into my books. The little book, "My Daily Strength," has been constantly increasing in interest until now it has gone to hundreds of men and women scattered all over the surface of this earth. It is a pocket size book, sturdily bound in weather-proof covers, stamped in gold, with a title page, a page for presentation, a table of contents, and several pages in the back for notes. It will stand up under the most severe conditions of reading and usage. These days I am receiving many letters from the boys who have carried this book through battles on the land and sea and in the sky. Each page is complete in itself, and I have chosen the very gist of what I think would be the most valuable and helpful, creatively inspiring and constructive, as a builder of confidence and strength and courage for all people. Not only have the military forces found it inspiring, but for civilians, as a little private book of devotions, for the bedside stand, or the library table, and to be carried in the pocket to work, to be read when troubles and burdens and anxieties and worries bear heavy upon one—they, too, have found it helpful.

I am going to give you just a few of the titles that will give you an idea of this book: "What We Might Be"—"Meet the Challenge"—"Share the Burden"—"Are You Alive?"—"My Self-Created Limitations" — "Widen the Boundaries" — "The High Plateaus"—"Nurture the Ideal"—"Build a Fortification"—"A Free American" — "The Hour of Destiny" — "First Things First" — "The Light Will Break"—"Freedom on the March"—"Courage for Idealism"—"Margins for

Reserve"—"Your Highest Loyalties" —"Don't Let That Handicap Defeat You" — "The Open Mind" — "Let's Face the Wind"—"Why Run Away from Life?"—"A Trail Blazer"—"Meet Your Test" — "How's Your Heart?"—"What's Hindering You?" —"Growing Into Character"—"The Highway to the Stars"—"Let's Make it Work"—and so on and on, 100 Daily Titles, closing with "Forward March, America!" I turn at random to page 73 and read these words, under the heading, "Let's Face the Wind!" "A few years ago in Scotland, outside an old inn, I met a tramp. I said to him: 'Which way are you going?' He said, 'Which way is the wind blowing? I am going with my back to the wind.' That's why he's a tramp. He goes with his back to the wind." And so on, 100 pages of it. The book is inexpensive, being mailed to any part of the world for $1. On page 2 I wrote this: "We are all a part of the tremendous historical undercurrents now sweeping the world, penetrating to the foundations of civilization. Man has a vision of what he might be and of what he may become."

* * *

For ten years before his death, Alexander Woollcott had been planning, preparing and writing another book—a book which follows very closely the pattern of his most widely read volume, "While Rome Burns." Had he not died he probably would have found many excuses for delaying the book another ten years, but even so it remains doubtful that he could have made a better book than this last book, which is called "Long, Long Ago." It is a generous collection of articles Woollcott wrote for a wide variety of uses, during the most productive period of his life. There are long pieces about events, institutions, and especially about people who have aroused the author's enthusiasm, touched his heart, or his sense of humor and, on occasion, kindled his formidable wrath.

Woollcott was one of the best story tellers in our literature and not only could he write a good story, but those of you who recall his radio program of the Town Crier will easily remember that he was one of the best tellers of stories, if not the best, the radio has ever had. He has divided the book "Long, Long Ago" into several separate sections, and the titles which he gives these sections indicate their material and charm. There are, among others, "Friends and Neighbors;" "Ways That Are Dark;" "Shouts and Murmurs," in which he discusses the last thing Schubert wrote, and closes with an article on "Dear Friends and Gentle Hearts," which is one of the most fragile and beautiful bits of prose I have ever read. Oliver Wendell Holmes, you will recall, was a constant listener to the Woollcott broadcasts, and between the two men there was a very deep friendship. He appears twice in the pages, once in the company of Abraham Lincoln and once at a meeting with Franklin Roosevelt. Katherine Cornell appears in one of her finest performances, and readers who have never heard of the "Fountain Inn Tribune" have a treat in store.

It matters not what personality you may be interested in, this prince of story tellers and most graphic of writers has a new anecdote, and whether it is H. G. Wells or Stephen Foster, Clarence Day or Franz Schubert, Norman Bell Geddes or Emil Bronte, or a dozen others, you will find here something you didn't know before, and as interestingly presented as any author could do it. No one had so many friends or wrote of them with such affection, understanding and respect, as did Woollcott. While this book was

published after his death, I am told that even this is not to be his last book, for he left the manuscript for still another. The voice will never be heard again, but the mind and spirit of Woollcott has been immortalized in the printed page and his latest book, "Long, Long Ago," will have an exalted place in the galaxy of American literature. P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

SENDING decorated messages of love and sentiment to one beloved on St. Valentine's Day is an age-old custom that has aided many a romance and inspired much poetry—good and bad. But—

Not always is a valentine
  Composed of fancy paper
With buds and birds and clever words,
  And cupids all a-caper;

Sometimes it's just a line to tell
How one friend loves another well,
How one heart hopes the year may
  bless
Another heart with happiness.

O birds and darts and sugar hearts
  Are very gay and fine,
But often just a faithful word
  Will make a valentine.

This, I think, seems to express the true idea—sending a message—a written line to one you love—"often just a faithful word—Will make a valentine," is a charming thought! Lives there a woman of whatever age who is not touched with a glow of delight by a Valentine—from husband or son—or nephew or—friend, anyway a Valentine?

When I was a very little girl, in my early school years, the teacher asked the pupils, "Children, what specially marks the month of February as eventful in the life of Americans?"—(probably it was the first day of February). Up went my hand with alacrity. Being recognized by a nod of her head, I stood up (with some show of pride, no doubt) and answered "Valentine's Day and my Grandmother's birthday!" The children laughed—they would, of course. Mrs. R. did not smile. She held up her hand and the room became silent as a tomb. Turning to me she asked, "Now, then, Gracie, can you not think of some other important days in February?" Embarrassed by having said something bringing forth laughter, I hesitated, then replied, "Oh, yes—Washington's birthday and Lincoln's, too—they are school holidays." That was all true and to the good with the children—no laughter; but this time my teacher smiled with amusement—though not in a hurtful way—(I didn't understand just why till recalling the incident years later!) then

she drew herself to her full stature—she was tall—put her hands behind her back and looked over the room—in a way she had of looking, and said: "Can any of you tell me the date or month of your own grandmother's birthday?" Not a hand was raised—dead silence. Teacher's gaze rested on one face after the other—she asked, "Mary, can you? —Agnes? Bessie? John?" No one could answer. She continued, "It is very fine for a Grandmother's birthday to be an important day to every member of her family. I want every one of you to tell me tomorrow the date of your own grandmother's birthday, and you will write it fifty times. Possibly you may remember it the rest of your lives!"

She then gave us a talk about Washington and Lincoln. Strange how these little incidents remain pigeon-holed in our memories. February still does mean "Grandmother's birthday" to me, although she has been gone these many years! Valentine's Day is important, too! And you may laugh if you want to!

* * *

I know there are interesting letters in the Mail Bag, so we will look them over. One headed North Africa certainly promises interest. This is from one of "our boys," Arthur Williams, who has come to the Church and Church School since a small lad:—

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—As I looked through the small pack of letters I've received since I've been overseas, I noticed that I hadn't answered your very nice Christmas greeting letter that you wrote on the eighth day of October. This, by the way, arrived here on November 13th.

"Try as I may I can't find words to express the wonderful feeling I had when I read this letter, for it made me feel good all over. Since I've received your letter I've kept it in a handy place where I can take it out and re-read it from time to time. Oh, yes, I almost forgot to mention this. The little imprint on the lower left-hand corner of the stationery, of the front of the church, also brings back pleasant memories of the time spent within its portals. I can also picture what a grand feeling it will be when I can once more continue where I left off when Uncle Sam called me away.

"Enclosed find a United States Postal Money Order for thirty-two dollars, the reason for the odd figure being that I'm sending the Church a dollar for each month I've been away from it.

"As I look at the date on this letter I not only think of this day as being my birthday, but I remember that this is about the time when the church holds its Annual Bazaar and I trust that will be the best Bazaar The Peoples Church has ever had.

"Thanks to you people back home and of course Uncle Sam's good Navy, most all of us over here had a most wonderful Thanksgiving and we are all truly grateful. I refer for one thing to the swell turkey dinner.

"We over here are all looking forward to the day when we can once more sit down to Thanksgiving dinner in each of our respective homes.

"Last week, and quite by accident, I met a fellow (who is a patient here) who was inducted the same day I was, and from the same board. He is now a Second Lieutenant; although he wasn't hurt in action he is one who, like all the rest here, is not complaining of his ill fortune, but, bad as it can sometimes be, is happy and thankful that he isn't any worse off than he is. As you most likely know, what all these fellows look forward to most (and that goes for yours truly, too) is mail from home.

"Once again I should like to thank you for the very nice Christmas Greet-

ing letter. I should also like to add my best wishes to you for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Sincerely yours, Arthur J. Williams."

What a fine and generous thing for him to do—sending $32 to the church —$1 for each month he has been away. And how nice of him to remember the Bazaar. We appreciate Arthur's letter and his gift, very much indeed.

* * *

From Africa we'll now turn to England, with a letter from another boy on our Honor Roll:—

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—I want to thank you and the members of The Peoples Church for the lovely Christmas gift which I have received. The thoughts and kindnesses of those I have left behind really help a fellow out here. In many ways the activities of all of you are reflected in the things which we have out here. I have felt that I never could fully express my gratitude for the U. S. O.'s which I enjoyed so much back in the States. Here, when I enter a Red Cross Club and enjoy its facilities, I am always reminded of the fact that it represents the efforts of those at home who are endeavoring to help the American soldier. The arm of kindness and help reaches far indeed.

"These things are to us the closest approach to home, and a constant reminder of the things we are fighting for. Dr. Bradley, I have never fully understood the madness which has gripped this world. I doubt if I shall ever understand the depths to which a human being can sink. I hope that the lesson of this war will never be forgotten. We believe that an ideal is the most practical thing in this world. I believe that to be true. We can make a world ideal practical. The greatest obstacle lies within the heart of man. I sincerely hope that the time will come when God will truly be worshipped in spirit and in truth, when the teachings of our Master will be understood and practiced. The salvation of this world lies with man himself. May this New Year be filled with promise and may we all direct our best efforts towards a better world. Sincerely, Sgt. Rudolph Salamon."

* * *

A number of the letters from "Our boys" give expression to their thought and appreciation of the spiritual values of life, which looks hopeful for the world they will help to re-build. The foregoing letter is one example of this idea, and now the following from one who writes of her brother in the South Pacific:—

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—Tonight the family and I enjoyed your talk on 'Humor in Wartime.' I have an example of this in a letter from my brother who is in the South Pacific, New Guinea, and he said, 'We have all the conveniences of home. Why, even in my tent I have running water'; and I could see what he really meant by blotches of water blurred into the ink. He always writes humorous letters and tells me not to worry; he is well; that the Bible I sent him is with him always; that he reads it often and it gives him courage and faith. It is odd to hear him speak so, because before going into the Army he never attended church. I guess it has been a long time since he was in *any* church. When we both were very young, our Mother was taken away and we were sort of left on our own. Sundays I would go to Sunday School and then tell him what I had learned; sort of getting it 'second hand'; but now I'm glad he finally has the little Bible and it holds a meaning to him. Maybe I haven't made myself clear, trying to write what is in my heart, but this I know: God has come into many of our boys' lives, who haven't ever given Him a thought up until now. This war will bring good

with it in more ways than one. Don't you think so?

"Thank you for all your interesting talks and here are best wishes for you in the coming years. Most respectfully, Mrs. John Reddick."

* * *

Closing time! Please write. We appreciate your letters—
AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

Dr. Bradley's Engagements

December 15th to January 15th

DECEMBER

15—Opening of finals in National Historical contest, Chicago Historical Society.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
Radio Address.
16—Radio Address. WGN.
17—Meeting. Race Commission.
Radio Address.
Address. Church School Christmas Party. Channing Hall.
18—Address. Assn. of Commerce Glee Club Dinner.
19—Morning service. Peoples Church.
Candle Light Service. Peoples Church
20—Meeting. Chicago Youth Council.
Radio Address. WGN.
Candle Light Service. Peoples Church.
21—Radio Address. WGN.
Candle Light Service. Peoples Church.
22—Radio Address. WGN.
Lecture-Recital. "Christmas Carol," Peoples Church.
23—Radio Address. WGN.
24—Radio Address. WGN.
25—Christmas Sermon. Peoples Church.
26—Two services. Peoples Church.
27—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Lincoln Park Chapter R.A.M.
29—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
30—Address. Rogers Park Kiwanis Club.
Address. Iroquois Fire Memorial Service. City Hall.
Conference I.W.L.A.
Radio Address.
31—Radio Address. WGN.
Watch Night Service. Peoples Church.

JANUARY, 1944

2—Two services. Peoples Church.
3—Graduating Address. Great Lakes Naval Training Station.
Radio Address. WGN.
4—Radio Address. WGN.
5—Attendance at meeting. Chicago Race Commission.
Meeting U. S. Government Revenue Division. Re Bond Campaign.
Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
6—Cut record. WGN.
Radio Address. WGN.
7—Radio Address by transcription. WGN.
Address. High School Auditorium, Paw Paw, Michigan.
9—Two services. Peoples Church.
10—Address. Wrangler's Club, Top of Town Restaurant.
Attendance. Youth Conference, Union League Club.
Radio Address. WGN.
Board Meeting. Peoples Church.
11—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. 4th Bond Campaign, Stevens Hotel, Grand Ballroom.
12—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Review. Peoples Church.

13—Conference. Chicago Herald-American.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. 4th Bond Campaign. Stevens Hotel Grand Ballroom.

14—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Flossmoor Community Church, Flossmoor, Ill.
Address. I.W.L.A., Hotel LaSalle.

Christenings

DECEMBER

19—Billie Ann Marasa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Marasa
24—William Bennett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bradford Bennett
26—Cheryl Ann Kolinen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Kolinen
Sherilyn Peacock, daughter of Mrs. and Mrs. Arthur J. Peacock

JANUARY, 1944

2—Bruce Arthur Petersen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Petersen
9—Marilyn June Elya, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Verl Elya

Weddings

DECEMBER

18—Danforth Russell and Martha Elisius
25—John J. Capabianco and Margaret H. Wichmann
30—Edward Brandenburg and Mitzi DeLapp
31—Jacque Simon and Mable Hamer

JANUARY, 1944

4—Gunnard Soderman and Edna Berensen
8—Douglas T. Krumlinde and Florence Catherine Farrell
11—Paul Gordon and Anna Wing

Funerals

DECEMBER

18—Lotta Christman
21—Mrs. S. Heineman
24—Mrs. Anna Thielenhaus
27—Edward J. Denemark
John A. Sokol
28—Therese Jones Rainey
Allan Leach Eaton
29—Walter Hermsdorf
30—Michael H. Jelinek

JANUARY, 1944

3—Mrs. Clara Strosnider
Mrs. Etta Dechow
4—Mrs. Cathrene McCauley
7—Mrs. Letitia Barnum
8—George K. Bell
Capt. Bert. F. von Schmidt
10—Mrs. Betty Solbrig
11—Maggie C. Bandy
12—Laura Seeger

The Following New Members Were Publicly Welcomed into the Peoples Church on Sunday, January 2nd, 1944

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond V. Kramer
Mr. Edward Penny, Grays Lake, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Brogden
Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Barton
Mrs. E. S. Birrell
Mrs. Sarah Brown
Mrs. Florence Doolin
Mrs. Christine M. Engstrom
Miss Dolores Engstrom (from Gethsemane Lutheran Church)
Miss Mae Hill
Mrs. Nelle C. Kemper
Mr. Calvin C. Kemper, Co. 13 Bk. 17th Armory, U. of Ill., Champaign, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Kitto
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Lakeberg
Mr. Ruhard D. League
Miss Helen A. Mehrle
Mr. David Ross
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Russell
Mr. and Mrs. George M. Spoerl
Miss Florence Spoerl

Lincoln's Achievement

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was a young man, he ran for the Legislature in Illinois, and was badly swamped. He next entered business, failed, and spent seventeen years of his life paying up the debts of a worthless partner.

He fell in love with a beautiful young woman to whom he became engaged—then she died.

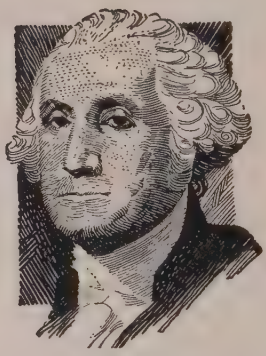
Entering politics he ran for Congress and was badly defeated. He then tried to get an appointment to the United States Land Office, but failed.

He became a candidate for the United States Senate and was badly defeated.

In 1856 he became a candidate for the Vice Presidency and was again defeated.

In 1858 he was defeated by Douglas.

But in the face of all this defeat and failure, he eventually achieved the highest success attainable in life, and undying fame to the end of time.



Washington

By Grenville Kleiser

WASHINGTON was an aristocrat. And yet he and Lincoln, a man of the common people, are equally revered today. Which goes to show that the American people honor courage and nobility in any garb. The life of Washington proves that an aristocrat can serve his country as well as one from the lower ranks of life. He was a gentleman in the highest sense of the word, and yet he knew and endeavored unselfishly to serve the needs of all his countrymen. The greatest tribute ever paid to Washington was that of Thomas Jefferson, who knew him intimately. He described him as a man of sound judgment, and his mind as of the first order. Incapable of fear, of high integrity and inflexible justice, he was, in every sense of the words, a wise, a good, and a great man. His civil and military career is unmatched. In all that he did, he was actuated by the highest motives and a keen desire to secure national independence.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twentieth year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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THE UPTOWN PLAYERS CENTER OF ALLIED ARTS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle Street **Whitehall 5257**

FEBRUARY PRODUCTION—"ONE FLIGHT DOWN"

by Eric Stroom and Arthur Hammerstein

"Port of Chicago," by Herma Clark and Alice Gerstenberg, which had such an unprecedented success, will continue to be given on request for special groups.

FEBRUARY SCHEDULE

Friday, February 4th, Opening night....."One Flight Down"

Saturday, February 5th....."One Flight Down"

Monday, February 7th, Benefit Performance....."Port of Chicago"

Friday, February 11th....."One Flight Down"

Saturday, February 12th....."One Flight Down"

Friday, February 18th....."One Flight Down"

Saturday, February 19th....."One Flight Down"

Friday, February 25th....."One Flight Down"

Saturday, February 26th....."One Flight Down"

The February Production, "One Flight Down," is a pungent, dynamic, three-act melodrama with seven fleeting scenes. J. Bradley-Griffin will play the part of "Jaro," a Hungarian refugee, who has a tailoring shop in the tenement district of New York City. The play offers a kaleidoscopic view of the many other characters who pass through his shop—their joys, their romances, their sorrows—life in the New York tenement district.

Honor Roll

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Cpl. Howard Wentz
Lt. Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
**Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Wendel Estal
Winslow Heg
Capt. Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
Capt. James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
Sgt. William F. Hobbs
Duane Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
Sgt. William V. Myers
**Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick
Corp. Charles Fuss
Robert Plumley

*Charles C. Crane
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Lt. Carroll D. York
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Robert Hannum
J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
Robert K. Schnorr
Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams
Franklyn Adams
L. C. Rowley
Robert J. Hansen
Clyde F. Bower
Edward P. Brosious
Donald W. Brosious
Tom Henderson
J. Bryant Shoberg
Daniel Arthur Needham
Arthur Quesnall
David Ettelson
George Felch
Virgil Drew Widener
G. Andrey
William Henderson
William H. Parlette
Capt. Andrew Haban
John H. Hagen
Lawrence Johnson
Cpl. James Kosner
William James Walters
Wayne P. Blue
Martin Sauser
William Sauser
Florence M. Moore
Edward Paschal
Robert Weeger
Ruth Leffler
Harry G. Nelson
George G. Eddy, Jr.
Tommy Bartlett
William James Walters
Elmer M. Wiederer
Marie Tilles
Robert H. Wiggins
Robert L. Eldred
Charles Paige
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Kenneth R. Ball
Lt. Marjorie Schulten
Calvin C. Kemper
Mary Alice Yarrington
Philip Langley

*Killed in action. **Reported missing at sea

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

✦ ✦ ✦

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 o'clock

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE—Not Broadcast..... 7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, Sunday morning ..... 9:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH, Sunday morning.....11:00 o'clock

DR. BRADLEY'S DAILY BROADCASTS, Every night, Monday through Friday, WGN..... 6:00 o'clock

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—Church Auditorium ..... 8:00 o'clock

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday evening, Church Auditorium ..... 7:30 o'clock

RED CROSS UNIT—Every Thursday in Channing Hall 9:30 to 4:00 o'clock

WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, Feb. 7th, Channing Hall Birthday and New Members Party, Miss Ethel Fowler, Chairman ..... 1:00 o'clock

Friday, Feb. 18th, American Citizenship Day, Ninth District. The American Panorama..... 1:00 o'clock

Monday, Feb. 21st, Literature Day, Mrs. Roy H. Monson, Chairman. Book Review, Florence Bourke Ellis..... 1:00 o'clock

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, Feb. 14th, Annual Card Party, Gertrude Kruskopf, Chairman..... 8:00 o'clock

Monday, Feb. 28th, Fellowship Night, Mrs. Mabel Crawford, Hostess ..... 8:00 o'clock

MEN'S CLUB—Fourth Monday night of each month, Channing Hall ..... 8:00 o'clock

USHERS' CLUB—Every second Thursday night of each month 8:00 o'clock

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB—First and third Tuesday of each month ..... 8:00 o'clock

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. See special schedule page 22 of this issue. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257.

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